

# The Daily Bulletin.

VOL. VII.—NO. 12011.

CHARLOTTE, N. C.—FRIDAY, MARCH 23, 1863.

16 PER ANNUM.

CONFEDERATE  
BY TELEGRAPH.

Friday Morning, March 20, '63.

IMMEDIATE FOR THE CONFEDERATE STATES.

From the Telegraph, S. C.

March 19.

Don Nease with a valuable cargo, including four slightly wounded, was captured by the blockaders on Long Island beach, this morning, before day light, and badly riddled by Yankee shot. The crew took to their boats and have reached the city.

The Georgia was owned by English parties.

Another Steamer In.

Wilmington, March 19.

An English Iron steamer arrived at a Confederate port this morning. She left Nassau on Sunday last at 3 p.m. All the steamers from this port had arrived out except the Deneo. She said she was captured by the Quaker City.

From the West.

Montgomery, March 19.

The Appeal of the 17th says reports of this morning from Fort Hudson represent a serious outbreak in the Federal army, which, if correct probably accounts for the retrograde movement. Banks' army scouts report that several Yankees regiments had laid down their arms and were sent back. Another rumor says it was two regiments.

Gen. Rust's command had driven back a greater superior force of the enemy.

The Tribune has the following dated, Panama the 18th:

The Federal marauders at Hernando, had destroyed the county records at that place; also, made a general full delivery and had taken all the horses, mules and negroes in reach. They were attacked and routed by Blythe's battalion with a loss of several killed and wounded. One less one man wounded.

SECOND DISPATCH.

Mobile, March 19.

The Appeal of the 17th says everything was quiet yesterday. The enemy in sight of Fort Pemberton.

The schooner Alino, Capt. Mitchell, arrived at a Confederate port to-day, bringing Havana dates of the 12th inst. The news is unimportant. The steamer Alice and schooner R. H. had arrived at Havana.

Skirmish in Franklin.

We learn from an intelligent officer just from Wilson, (says the Raleigh Progress of the 19th inst.) that a brisk skirmish took place at Franklin, on Friday, in which the Yankees were worsted. The enemy lost 4 killed, 9 wounded and 18 prisoners. Our loss was only 2 slightly wounded. A regiment of our troops ambushed the enemy and were upon them before they knew it. Our informant was not able to procure further particulars.

WOUNDED AND KILLED.—It takes but space in the columns of the daily papers; but, O! what long household stories and biographies are every one of those strange names that we read over and over!

"Wounded and killed!" Some eye reads the name to whom it is dear as life, and some heart is struck or broken with the blow made by that name among the list.

It's our Henry, it's our John, or our James, or our Thomas, that lies with his poor broken limb at the hospital, or worse still, with ghastly lace on the battlefield — Alas! for the eyes that read — alas! for the hearts that feel!

"He was my pretty boy, that I've sung to sleep on many times in my arms!" says the poor mother, bowing her head in anguish that cannot be uttered. "He was my brave, noble husband, the father of my little orphan children!" sobbed the stricken wife. "He was my darling brother, that I loved so, that I was so proud of," murmured the sister, amid her tears; and so the terrible stroke falls on homes throughout the land.

"Killed and wounded!" Every name in that list is a lightning stroke to some heart, and breaks like thunder over some house, and falls like a long black shadow upon some hearthstone.

A Queer Statement.

A private letter from Port Royal makes the following curious statement: "General Foster took a Captain and thirty men from the tenth Connecticut, just before he went North, and made a reconnaissance. They entered Bull's Bay, North of Charleston Harbor, and landing there, marched through the enemy's picket to within full sight of Charleston, and even to within view of Fort Sumter, about a mile and three-quarters distant — so near that the officers from the parapet of the fort could see them. They returned unharmed, and think there is every reason to believe a successful attack can be made upon the rebels to re-bombard from a quarry down of inaccessibility."

When we are chastened by God, we should do as children and servants do when they are whipped — run up close — He can't hurt us much then.

A crazy old bachelor says, the talk of women is usually about the men. Even their laugh is but "he! he!"

Planters, look in your hats — A distinguished author says, "the gun is brighter than the sword."

ISABEL J. BOWKIE

ACROSS THE STREETS

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

1863.

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# THE BULLETIN:

## CHARLOTTE.

FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 20, '63.

### A Printer Wanted.

A first class Printer (Compositor,) will find employment, permanently, in a publication at this office.

### Cotton Burns.

We regret to learn through a private source that Messrs. Linzberger & Co. of Gaston county, by fire on Wednesday night last, lost 400 bales of cotton. The fire is supposed to have been accidental.

### Prayer for the Poor.

We take pleasure in stating that one of our leading fellow citizens has deposited with Mr. D. B. Dyer, one thousand pounds of sugar for sale to the wives or families of soldiers who are in indigent circumstances, at cost price, thirty cents per pound. Apply to D. Dyer.

### Patriotism.

There are various sorts of patriotism, all of which in the estimation of reasonable men, are equally good in the respective spheres of their usefulness.

There is that truly noble patriotism that makes a man sublime—a "hero" upon the quaking and crimsoned field—in pressing to the charge, even to within the ranks, following cannon's mouth, in the name of principle—his country—his home—but not in mingling in the fray from a love of carnage. Such patriotic contributions and exertions; and may the God of Battles give wisdom to all their future plans, conquering energy to their arms, and victory to their banners in every fight.

Such a soldier-patriot was our Washington, who, at the end of a long and doubtful war, after conquering in the conflicts with those who would have massacred our hands and snatched our aspirations for independence, returned his sword to its scabbard, unshamed by a single act that memory would blush to own.

There is a patriotism of the farmer who, impelled by the common instincts of our nature, cultivates the soil—he loves the earth, for it is the lamp of Aladdin, under propitious seasons meeting all his wants; and by gentle labor wins from its quick and fruitful bosom the essential elements of sustenance for man and the lesser animal; and when these necessities are rendered accessible to his fellows of different pursuits and vocations, for intrinsic considerations, he may be called a patriot—he is a benefactor of mankind; but not when he bolts up in his barns and crib, the products so obtained, when, in excess, suppressing from market the prime necessities of life for the banqueting of rats and mice.

There is a patriotism of the Press, too, and it is exhibited when, in the God given voice of its birth-right, it boldly and manfully devotes its energies and its talents to the vindication of justice, of virtue, of morality and our righteous cause; but not in declamation, scurrility, nor when its utterances are toned for lucus.

There is a patriotism of the woman, the quality of which will ultimately make certain ornaments of them all. Though untaught by the very qualities that make up their greatest charms, to rule our councils, lead our patriot armies in the gallant headlong charge, yet their devotion to their country and their misfortunes upon her sons in these dark hours, are all blended with the goodness of the deeds of angels, and the sweet essences of their works will ever be welcome incense at the throne of that God who loves them.

The truth is, that the duties incumbent upon all the classes of society, when the country is in the midst of the throes of a new birth, are multitudinous and heartily responsible. Let it be seen, too, that we all exert ourselves to prove worthy of the noble work; but woe betide the laggard when the bright day of peace shall come.

### Senator Wigfall.

Russell, of the London Times, in his "American Diary," gives the following descriptive sketch of Senator Wigfall, of Texas:

"As the boat touches the quay of the fort, a tall, powerfully looking man came through the 'anointed gateway,' and with uneven steps strode over the rubbish toward a staff which was waiting to receive him, and into which he jumped and rode off. Recognizing at once of my companion as he passed our boat, he suddenly stood up, and with a leap, and a scaramble tumbled in among us, to the imminent danger of upsetting the party.

"Our new friend was dressed in the blue track-boats of a civilian, round which he had tied a red silk sash; his waistband supported a straight sword, something like those worn with court dress. His mustache was surrounded with a loosely fastened silk handkerchief; and wild masses of black hair, tinged with gray, fell from under a civilian's hat over his collar; his unstrapped trousers were gathered up high on his legs, displaying ample boots, garnished with formidable brass spurs.

But his face was not one to be forgotten—a straight, broad brow, from which the hair rose up like the vegetation on a river bank, beating black eyebrows—a mouth compressed, yet full of power, a square jaw—a thick argumentative nose—a new growth of scrubby beard and mustache—these were relieved, by eyes of wonderful depth and light, such as I never saw before, but in the head of a wild beast.

"If you look some day when the sun is not too bright into the eyes of the Rappahannock, in the Regent's Park, as the keeper is walking round, you will form some notion of the expression I mean. It was flashing, fierce, yet calm—with a well of fire burning behind and spouting through it; an expression in anger, which now, and then, sought to conceal its expression beneath half closed lids, and then burst out with an angry glance, as if disdaining concealment.

"This was some other than Louis T. Wigfall, colored (then of his own creation) in the Confederate army, and George from "Tom the United States."

### CAMP NEAR HAMILTON'S CROSSING.

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